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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.
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Evidently the German police authorities are wise to the cause of a large variety of disturbances. Those of Berlin have asked their superior governmental authorities to take steps that will considerably curtail the consumption of distilled liquors. This move would also seem to dispel officially a heretofore generally accepted fact that the Germans, in the main, confine their alcoholic activities to the consumption of beer.

In all probability, not a few in the Boston crowds that cheered Governor Capper and his remarks on prohibition subsequently went around the corners and irrigated their dry throats with glasses of beer or booze. Boston, you know, has saloons. And, as in the matter of voting everybody doesn't always drink as he cheers.

Kansas is reported by Mr. Ross, the state superintendent of public instruction, to be a little slow in the matter of the consolidation of rural schools. But this is an educational reform worth while that Kansas will come around to some day. It is unreasonable to expect Kansans to do everything that is desirable all at once.

Mother Nature seems to have reversed another of her customary procedures by staging the floods this year in the late summer instead of the spring.

Topeka is spending more money for the conservation of the health of her citizens than any other city in Kansas. All of which indicates that Topeka knows which side her bread is buttered on. Good health is the first step on the perilous road to happiness. Without good health, little is possible for any one.

Were Russia as adequately equipped with munitions of war and efficient officers as she is with men, the great German drive in the eastern war zone probably would have never gotten under anything like full steam ahead. Notwithstanding the tremendous forces she has already put in the field, Russia is mobilizing another 2,000,000 men.

So much for another old-fashioned theory. Lightning recently lit a barn near Goff, Kan., twice in five minutes.

Probably a good many people in these United States are wondering if they are going to get a little more for the huge sums of money that the government is preparing to spend in the consummation of the enlarged plans for preparing for defense, or for war, than they have out of the vast military and naval expenditures of recent years.

No doubt about former President Taft having the courage of his convictions. He told the Californians to their faces the other day that they are likely to have to pay dearly for their divers social and political experiments.

RURAL CREDITS AGAIN.
Getting the money back on to the farm is a job much discussed at various conventions these days, says Colliers, but there are one or two points that seem worth stating: Rural credits is a problem of development, not of charity. We have no countervailing peasantry in this country, and the legal rate of interest has somewhat restricted the mortgage sharks, deterring completely rid of these fellows is important, but it is much more important to secure in all parts of our country the best possible investment and use of agricultural capital. This should not be done by the privilege method, by State aid, tax exemption, and so on. If the American farmer can't pay his way, nobody can. The real need is better organization of the farming business by means of rural

cooperative banks, which will not only do the banking for their members, but will also give them the benefits of centralized buying and selling. The banking will be based on the actual known values of the neighborhood, and the trading operations will be real and not speculative. Along with individual zeal and skill in farming will go a cooperative use of the farmers' business strength. Rural credits must be taken up as a part of this larger problem of agricultural business organization.

JITNEY LEGISLATION.
There never seemed to be any occasion in Topeka for city legislation that would hamper the activities of the individual hackmen and to the advantage of the plutocrats of the profession, the lively stable owners. At any rate none was ever enacted. And there doesn't seem to be either good or sufficient reasons why a jitney ordinance should be framed in terms that might work hardships on the individual jitney owner and operator and thereby to the advantage of the jitney bus companies. A fair field for all is the best way to do business in all things.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.
A race to avoid being the last state in the union to adopt compulsory education laws is apparently under way in the southern states, according to reports received at the United States bureau of education. There are now only two states without such laws, Florida having recently joined Texas and South Carolina in adopting compulsory education by legislative enactment. The three states still without laws are Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama. The new Florida law provides that on petition of one-fourth of the electors of any special school district or county, the county board of education shall call an election to determine whether the provisions shall be compulsory. A three-fifths majority vote is necessary for adoption. Children between 8 and 14 years of age are required to attend for at least 90 days each year, unless exempt because of physical or mental disability; because they live two and one-half miles from a school and no transportation is provided; because their parents are unable to provide books and clothing. By the provisions of the new law the county boards of education are authorized to appoint additional officers to enforce the law and to take a census of the children between 6 and 21 years of age. Although the Florida law is thus of the optional type, it is a clear recognition of the compulsory principles and is regarded as a real step in advance. In the field of compulsory education throughout the United States it is believed that the next steps to be taken do with the adoption of state-wide laws for the compulsory laws now prevail the raising of the age limit in conformity with the best principles in child-labor legislation; and more strict enforcement of existing laws.

THE BOTKIN VERDICT.
Why delay the Botkin decision until September 15. If the Honorable Jerry isn't found guilty of all the charges in the indictment against him, regardless of any of the testimony or evidence that was brought out in the investigation, the people of Kansas, or the few who may be interested in the case, will be treated to the biggest political surprise of their lives. Like eye-witnesses to an accident, every body doesn't see testimony and evidence in the same light. You might think that in some respects, the testimony at the Botkin trial was favorable to the accused. But you don't happen to be among the judges in the case, and they of course are entitled to their opinions.

COLE AND BILL.
Cole Blaise appears to be the Bill Sulzer of the south. He is going to run for the governorship of South Carolina again. And he concludes his announcement: "So on with the dance; let joy be unconfined." But many people may be pardoned for thinking that "unconfined" would have been an appropriate substitute for the last word of the quotation. And Bill Sulzer, by the way, is now making ready to press a candidacy for the district attorneyship of New York City. Bill argues that if Mr. Whitman could step from that office to the state's gubernatorial chair, it is just as logical for an ex-governor to step down into the New York district attorney's office. The fact that Bill is the only extant species of an impeached governor cuts no ice with Bill. His desire to serve the people—in a position that pays a large salary and has other possible remunerative advantages—is as keen as it ever was. Bill and Cole, though, might have better luck were they to join forces and work out in the vaudeville arena.

SANITARY SWIMMING POOLS.
The danger of the transmission of disease in swimming pools is becoming realized more prominently with the growing popularity of these institutions. The management of public baths in such a way as to guarantee a satisfactory degree of sanitary safety has raised a series of questions involving construction, equipment, water source and supply and personal hygiene. Calcium hypochlorite has been highly recommended for disinfecting, and has been adopted for many pools. Its efficiency as a disinfectant for the water is not doubted. Its use, however, gives rise to frequent complaints on account of the disagreeable odor attending it. This has led to much experimentation in search of an equally efficient and less offensive substitute. The difficulties here referred to are decidedly greater in connection with swimming pools than with public water supplies. For the treatment of the latter, more than two parts per million of hypochlorite are seldom necessary. Even with this small proportion, aeration of the drinking water is necessary to over-

come the objectionable taste and odor. In the case of the swimming pool, this feature is aggravated by the fact that three parts of the hypochlorite per million are necessary to sterilize the water. Aeration in such cases merely serves to release the odor from the water into the enclosed room surrounding the pool. In tests conducted recently at the Taylor gymnasium pool at Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa., encouraging results have been secured by the employment of copper sulphate in place of calcium hypochlorite. The advantage of copper sulphate over calcium hypochlorite is that it does not undergo chemical change readily. Hypochlorite owes its power to the chemical reactions involved in liberating chlorine, whereby it is converted into a useless product. Copper sulphate is not irritating to the eyes and mucous membranes, as the hypochlorite may be when used in germicidal quantities. It is cheaper and has no odor. If all other conditions were equal, says the Journal of the American Medical Association, the last fact alone would prove to be a great advantage.

Journal Entries
Among the undesirables are those who like to be coaxed.
Trying is the first and most important step towards doing.
About the easiest thing that humans do is to keep their good points under cover.
The man who denounces shams the loudest is likely to be a keen practitioner of them.
To hear some folks talk about the fine points of automobiles, you'd think they owned at least one.

Jayhawker Jots
A number of our citizens are talking about taking a buffalo hunt next month, reports the Wellington Monitor-Press, but in its Forty Years Ago column.
Let us hope, says the Pratt Republican, that with the "going" of the horse, sufficient horse sense will remain to lighten the social unit as in the good old times.
Old settlers of Harvey county can't seem to get into conversation over the great growth of vegetation this year, reports the Newton Journal. They just can't quite recall the years of the early days when it was an equal to this. It is a question when you can tie the blue stem over a good sized horse's back, whether this country ever had a greater growth of vegetation than is seen everywhere this year.
A tramp approached a certain Downs home the other morning, according to the Downs Times, rapped on the back door, and when the lady of the house appeared, he began to clear his throat preparatory to telling his hard luck story. "Get away from here," said the woman. "I never feed tramp kids in this house. I am not a professional hand," said the tramp. "I am a psychologist traveling in the interest of science. I read character by a glance. In looking into the soulful depths of your beautiful eyes I read there that you are by nature a kind-hearted, gentle, generous woman. It is these noble impulses and the congeniality of your beautiful eyes that keep you looking so young and handsome." "You poor, tired, hungry man," said the woman. "Come inside and I will give you some breakfast." "Diplomacy is mightier than the sword."

On the Spur of the Moment
BY ROY K. MOUTON.
George Fitch.
I cannot make myself believe
That my good luck is dead;
As in a misty dream unreal,
The story I have read.
It does not seem quite possible
That fate could strike the hour
Upon the instant to reach
The climax of his power.
We've wandered through the cities
And beside the rippling brooks;
I've seen his quiet discourses on
Art, music, drama, books.
He knew the flowers, he knew the birds,
And nature's every turn;
With kindly inquiry he lived,
He lived to learn and learn.
His mind was pure, his thoughts were
He knew mankind and life;
With smiles he faced the problems of
The evanescent strife.
They say he's dead. It is not true.
A soul like his could never die.
George Fitch will live forever.

At the Races.
I listened intently to a friend of mine.
We knew race horses in a manner fine.
And I placed my money on a piebald mare.
And we dreamed of a fortune we would surely share.
The mare got away on time with the rest;
Of all the entries she looked the best.
She went about a mile and a half, and my friend and I had a quiet smile.
Our mare forged ahead, yes, quick by inch.
I was sure that she would win the race.
We took the tickets to the bookie's stall.
Prepared to cash in for once and all.
But something happened while we were away.
Just what it was would be hard to say.
I saw Sunday afternoon in the country
And Sunday afternoon in the city.
Our mare came pounding around the track.
Of all race news this is the worst.
The early pluggers don't bet back first.

At the Races.
In the old grandstand I sit.
Thinking, father dear, I sit.
And the good advice you gave me
I never can forget.
When you warned me not to bet
On a "clutch" as some folks do,
And the "sure thing" was a myth
And doesn't grow.
If I'd followed your advice
I'd have saved a lot of tin.
For upon the favorite
I was sure to win.
He was touted good and strong.
And they said he sure would win.
I got in yet, but he hasn't
Got in yet.

Yes, Indeed!
Might work better if they had something to eat.
WANTED: Someone to mend and sew by the hour without board. Address "W," care Gazette, serving experience, terms and references, Houghton Mining Gazette.

The Weather.
Old Hiram Purdy does not allow that he saw his old brindle cow. Rub up again, the brindle fence and he says that ten times out of nine this is a sure and sure sign of a rainy day. Weather is coming mighty soon.

Old Grandma Tubbs desires to state Her hens are acting queer of late. They don't seem pleased about their new house. She is sure they are. She's willing to put up a bet. By gum, she's never missed it yet. A rainy day, whether it is sure headed right away.

There's nothing that you cannot bear At almost any time of year. About that weather from the folks who are not and the thumbs. It's rarely that they can agree. And they're plain to see. The best plan is to simply take the weather as it comes.

Not So Very Much.
Fifty million dollars worth of ice was manufactured in this country last year. Judging by the chunk we get on our doorstep fifty million dollars worth may not be so much ice, after all.

Evening Chat
BY RUTH CAMERON.
Other People's Motives.
Someone was wondering why a certain woman was so surly. "Oh, that's simple enough," explained the woman who isn't. "There's a rather smart crowd in our town that take up suffrage and she has taken that side so as to be in with them."

Globe Sights
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.
Association makes more men drunk than booze.
What other people do is after all the greatest law.
A gambler calls it luck. A preacher calls it Providence.
Inspiration makes a lot of good people do a lot of fool things.
It is said that a sheep-killing dog never kills any sheep at home.

At the Races.
Honest, now, do you love your friends on a Monday morning?
If a politician ever dies of overwork, it will be before election.
One of the faults of this world is that there are not enough grandchildren.

Sometimes the saying that truth is mighty and will prevail seems like floundering for a life is no way to prove advertising pays, but it is apt to get results.
There is a big salary waiting for the man who has something to say, says it and then stops.

You possibly have noticed that the snake charmer isn't of a sort likely to charm anything else.
If a woman's neck is dirty she has this habit of reporting it to the police. Ab Adkins admits he is slow, although he doesn't claim to be much like a diplomat in other respects.

We gather from the patent medicine ads that an army of women have backache, while another army of women have pimples.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
War contracts will make many an autobilionaire.
The size of a dollar depends entirely upon how many more you have.
It takes a certain amount of wisdom for a man to realize what a fool he is.

The one thing we have some difficulty in paying back is borrowed trouble.
You never can tell. Some people are spiritual, and some suffer from alcoholism.

Face the music. It isn't until a man turns tail that he is talked about being a back.
Many a speculator realizes that a bull in a china shop is worth two in the stock market.

Genius is often misunderstood. remarked the Philosopher. "Then why doesn't it learn to use a type-writer?" demanded the Business Man. "There is good in all things," quoted the sage Guy. "I agree," said the Simple Mug. "even the divorce evil teaches us that it is never too late to mend."

She—It's a mistaken idea that women are fond of scandal. About one woman in a hundred is fond of retailing gossip. He—The other 99 handle it at wholesale, I suppose.

THE SOUND OF TREES.
I wonder about the trees.
Why do we wish to hear
Forever the noise of these
More than the silence of peace?
So close to our dwelling place?
We suffer them by the day
All measures of pain
And fixity in our joys.
And acquire a listening air.
They are there that talk of going
But never get away.
And that talk no less for knowing,
The grower, wiser and older,
That now it means to stay.
I feel tug at the floor
And I hear my own shoulder
Sometimes when I watch trees sway
From the window or the door.
I shall make the reckless choice.
And tossing when they are in voice
The white clouds over them on.
I shall have them, say, say,
But I shall be gone.
—Robert Frost, in the August Atlantic.

The Evening Story
Her Last Flirtation.
(By Jane Osborn.)
Katherine Morley, old Dr. Morley's beautiful daughter, was the undisputed widow of Clayton college. And after she had ushered seven classes into Clayton she was smilingly spoken of by the other girls of the town as "The Youth's Companion." Whether it was because she was so kind and because of a deeper reason it is hard to tell, but just as the eighth freshman class since her eighteenth birthday was about to enter Clayton, Katherine Morley assumed another pose. College men failed to interest her any longer, she told people. "They had no true feeling. Her ideal man was more of a primitive."
This was all right as a drawing room pose, but when Katherine put it into practice and began to be seen looking on Sunday afternoon in the country and attending local attractions with a certain handsome young factory foreman whose cheap green suit and creaky shoes, wide spreading hat and gaudy neckties were suggestive of Hungarian peasant origin, the college community was filled with consternation. And when this flirtation lasted through the winter, and Katherine quite frankly mentioned this young peasant—Alec Braskaja—to her friends and received him at her home when her father was away, things began to look serious.

Most to be pitied was Dr. Morley, her father. One day his assistant in the sociology department, Beardsley Drew, suggested that he might be of some assistance.
"Something surely will have to be done," the father said. "It is getting to be outrageous. I have spoken to Katherine myself about it. I read taking the step, but I see no other way out of it. I am afraid Katherine is out of her mind at least. The satisfaction of knowing something of the man's origin. I must know whether there is any reason why Katherine ought not to marry him. I know of no one who can undertake the investigation so well as you, Mr. Drew."

The result of this conference was that Prof. Beardsley Drew undertook the task of looking into the record and standing of Alec Braskaja. As a professor of sociology, he had studied, perhaps more interestedly than the professor knew, the life and the customs of the factory element of the men and women in town who were so far removed from the college circle and college interests. He knew their various dialects, and the task was not difficult.

Drew began his task in a sensible way by discarding his regular clothes, which would have branded him as an outsider, and with a shabby suit and a pair of brilliant and cheap shoes, he went to the factory and began his investigation. He knew their various dialects, and the task was not difficult.

He went to the house where Braskaja's father lived. It was at the hour when the young man would naturally be at work. A young foreign woman answered his knocking and proved to be the daughter of the woman who kept the boarding house at which Braskaja and several of his associates took their meals. Prof. Drew arranged to take board at the same place. It was the easiest way to evade suspicion, and as he was having a week's vacation he could carry out his plan without fear of being suspected.

He occasionally talked with Braskaja, but more frequently with the associates. He lingered after the other men in the evening, and was fast and started to speak of Braskaja to Magda, the young daughter. "You seem to know Braskaja," he said. "How is it? Did you know him in the old country?"
Magda told him a few things about his bringing up, his boyhood ambitions. He was 30 and she was 20. They had lived on adjoining farms in the old country and for years her father had been saving up to come to this country, and had influenced Alec to come. They had all lived together and then her father had died.

Suddenly the girl stopped talking and then Morley looked up in surprise to find that she was crying. He put his hand impulsively on her shoulder and she did not resist it. She was apparently too much preoccupied with her own grief to notice his touch.

"Do you not know," she asked, "about me and Braskaja? I was promised to him and we were going to be married in the spring, and then he was killed. He was very beautiful and a great deal of money, took him away. She will marry him. Braskaja has said so."

Drew's first feeling was for the unfortunate Magda. This feeling was followed by one of anger at Braskaja, who had the insolence to desert a woman of his own class and because of his good looks win the affection of another woman out of his class.

Drew remained at the boarding house a week, each day growing more and more acquainted with the sorrowful little Magda. The last day of his stay was to be the day of his excursion, and Drew had seen that Magda had refused the invitation of several of the young men to go with them. Then he asked her to go with him. She looked away from him shyly.

"No," she said. "It would not be right. I am promised to Alec." "But don't you see, Magda," said Drew with more feeling than he usually showed, "perhaps if you go with me, you will be very happy and I will be very fond of you—perhaps Braskaja will be jealous. We are all made that way, you know."

"But the rich lady will be with him," said Magda. "He will have no eyes for anyone else. I could never stand it."
Drew was able to persuade her that a little skillful acting might bring back Braskaja's affection. She was very pretty, Drew told her, even if the other lady was beautiful.

It was a gay assemblage that met in the woods, and although Magda's heart was heavy the sound of the music and the festivity brought the light into her eyes and the color to her cheeks. She laughed and needed little artifice to disguise the true feeling.

ARE WE FATALISTS?
Telegraphic cablegrams from the Gallipoli peninsula state that the Turks do not run to retreat. Perhaps we Americans are fatalists. We are talking about going to war with the nations of Europe unless they do as we wish. The only time we have not added a single man to the army or navy, unless it be by accidental enlistment. The feeling that Germany is bound hand and foot by its enemies no doubt makes our diplomats braver than they would be were the lines of steel that surround the Germans and Austrians broken. We may take our time and declare war if we wish if Germany is to be our enemy, is no doubt the feeling in official circles. "How can Germany harm us?" is asked. "Germany cannot harm us at the present time but it would take a year to put a trained army in the field and by that time we will have the only nation at war with Germany. Of course it is foolish to speak of war because the possibility of war with that nation is remote. But we go on and on as fatalists.—Leavenworth Post.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS AND PRICES.
Recent events have shed more light on the practice of selling American products at one price at home and at another price abroad. A few years ago there was a widespread idea of today that manufacturing concerns which, in order to keep men employed and factories running full capacity produced more goods than the home market would absorb and sold the surplus abroad at a reduced price. The reduced price was necessary in order to sell the goods in competition with the foreign producer. Now, it appears that the surplus of goods is selling much of its products abroad at higher prices than received at home. In the former instance, as at present, the foreign sales gave employment to American labor and furnished a market for American raw material. Formerly, the American manufacturer had to under sell his foreign competitor in the foreign market. Now the European war has cut off the competition. In the days when the surplus product was marketed at a cut price abroad, the wage earner received less than the cost of today. All of which is food for thought among men who are interested in the problem of finding a job for the American workman whether a war is raging in Europe or not.—Baldwin Ledger.

From Other Pens
KEEPING COOL.
The weather-wise recommended keeping cool heads and temper during the heated term. To fret, fume and fuss under such a temperature may be in harmony with nature sizzling under a torrid sky. Regenerate human nature would counsel adjustment of apparel and demeanor to conditions which no mortal can eliminate. Yet within the encircling year human forethought and invention have happily relieved the stress of summer heat and vigor even of Arctic cold. A rigid Puritan, however, was known never to use an umbrella as neutralizing the order of Providence, and so unprotected would get drenched for conscience sake. A noted rural divine of the old time to whose home certain theologians came staidly for tuition, would get drenched and stand there unprotected from a sudden shower till he let them go with this injunction, "when it rains on you, let it rain." Possibly modern critics and scribes would take the name of Jupiter Pluvius more reverently on their tongues and typewriters if they realized he was the supreme deity in old Roman mythology, and judged to be the originator of all atmospheric changes. His favorite weapon was said to be the thunderbolt. So let profane swearers beware of blurring out, "By Jove," at ill-timed change of weather.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
[From the Chicago News.]
Does your charity cover many sins? An irresistible impulse is one we yearn to have.
Drew Rachel says the best pet dogs come in glass cases.
Only a great man can successfully dodge undeserved praise.
Flattery is the stuff dished out to other people—never to us.
Men learn more as they grow older, but it is of less importance.
Occasionally one woman leads a man, but more often a dozen chase him.
About the only thing some men are qualified for is posing as innocent bystanders.
And many a man finds it difficult to make a living because he is practically a dead one.
A man must be mighty disagreeable who ever lets his own conscience in on speaking terms with him.
The young man who is waiting for something to turn up ought to marry a girl with a pug nose.

THE BIG TURTLE.
not when anybody could notice him. And, moreover, he visibly pined away. He got sleepy and thin, and was so plain that even his mother was at her wit's end to know what to do with him.

At last father came home. Of course he offered advice at once. He made a new home in a different tub; he put minnows and flies in the water, but still Mr. Turtle pined and pined.

So there was nothing to do but set him free. After an early dinner one evening, father put the turtle in a basket and Sue went with him over to the city park. When they reached the lagoon, father set the basket down on the tiny bench, lifted out the turtle and started him for the water. At first the turtle only blinked lazily, then he stretched his neck towards the water; then, in a quick flash, he was under the lake!

And that is the true story of how a great big turtle got into a little bit of lake in the park.—(Copyright)—Clara Ingram Judson.

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So there was nothing to do but set him free. After an early dinner one evening, father put the turtle in a basket and Sue went with him over to the city park. When they reached the lagoon, father set the basket down on the tiny bench, lifted out the turtle and started him for the water. At first the turtle only blinked lazily, then he stretched his neck towards the water; then, in a quick flash, he was under the lake!

And that is the true story of how a great big turtle got into a little bit of lake in the park.—(Copyright)—Clara Ingram Judson.

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